

Press-Herald

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A Time to Be Counted

Torrance officialdom—which has an affinity for such—finds itself hanging again on the horns of a dilemma. A big, bull-moose of a dilemma.

Several hundred acres of currently idle land situated on both sides of Lomita Boulevard and west of Crenshaw have attracted the eyes of developers, civic groups, and the official city family.

One attempt to have part of the land zoned for multiple dwellings failed.

A proposal that part of the land be zoned to permit establishment of a cemetery now pends before the City Council, hanging in limbo, as it were, until the councilmen take up the matter again on Oct. 26.

In the meantime, the Torrance Citizens Steering Committee for the Proposed Torrance Municipal Golf Course has recommended that the councilmen consider seriously the possibilities of using the land for a city golf course, and consider, too, the possibility of getting the federal government to share in the multi-million dollar price tag.

Cost of the land and construction for an 18-hole championship course can range above \$5 million, according to one recent study.

If the city is successful in applying for and obtaining federal funds under the "Open Space" program, the course could be built with \$2.5 to \$3 million in local funds and a similar contribution in federal funds.

The Press-Herald is staunchly on the side of those favoring the development of a golf course. Golf is big business and is one of the fastest growing leisure activities in America—accounting for 45 per cent of the nation's expenditures on athletic goods.

However—and here we part company—the Press-Herald believes the city must look to financing such a development without putting its hand out to Washington. While we oppose the idea in principle, the case against federal support can be made much stronger.

A favorite plaint of those urging acceptance of federal money for community projects is the specious cry that "if we don't take it, someone else will."

Somebody somewhere must stand up for protection of the rights (and responsibility) of local governments to come to grips with their own problems. Why not start here in Torrance.

Why, for example, should Torrance taxpayers be called on to keep feeding a seemingly endless program of federal expenditures to other cities in the United States? Why should Torrance keep the chain of federal intrusion on a local level unbroken?

The idea of a golf course is good, and such a development could be a valuable asset to the city. However, the city must look to its resources—which are considerable—and determine how the program can be financed without the so-called "free" money from Uncle.

This is a chance for Torrance to stand up and be counted. We hope the chance isn't bungled.

Opinions of Others

The United States government is currently pleading anew with its citizens to please, PLEASE not destroy the natural beauty of their national parks. You have to see the abuse and destruction of our natural beauty to believe it could happen in an enlightened civilization. But happening it is, and to such an extent that it is both frightening and sickening.—Dickinson (N.D.) Press.

The steady pressure of inflation is being felt in the pocket books of each of us. Inflation is not an abstract thing. The fiscal policies in Washington can fan the fires, and we pay more for the goods we buy. Unbalanced federal budgets nibble away at the value of the dollar. Housewives are finding this out the hard way.—Santa Paula (Calif.) Chronical.

The U. S. Senate on Aug. 11 defeated a proposed constitutional amendment which would have permitted the people of each state to retain some voice in how the representation of members of their own state legislative assembly shall be apportioned. An edict by the Supreme Court last year in Washington held that both houses of each state legislature must be apportioned solely on the basis of population. The effect of this court decision ultimately could make second-class citizens out of the people living in rural communities and small towns of our country.—Traer (Iowa) Star-Clipper.

Morning Report:

My saloon hasn't installed one yet but on the market is a computerized gizmo that will turn out a "perfect Martini" and the tab for it in two seconds flat. Automation is competing with bartenders.

The thing will catch on but it's going to take a lot of the pleasure out of drinking. For the plain fact is that there is no perfect Martini. The perfection of a Martini lies solely in the fact that it never is.

It must be as variable as the drinker and his mood of the moment. Like falling in love, and unlike a gemini space capsule, it must never be exact. A proper Martini is four parts gin, one part vermouth, and lots of talk with the ever-bumbling bartender.

Abe Mellinkoff



REG MANNING

McNIGHT Syndicate, Inc.

STAN DELAPLANE

No Tipping, No Formals Needed Aboard Freighter

Portugal is very inexpensive. Its advantages are: Lisbon is a modern capital; you are in range of Madrid, Paris, Rome, London. Its disadvantages are a long, expensive way from the U.S. for occasional visits. For people who want to travel for an extended period or live abroad for a year, this is the place to use as headquarters.

"I will be on an 13-day cruise through the Panama Canal to California. There are 12 passengers. Who shall I tip? How much? Will I need a formal or will a street length cocktail dress do?"

You don't tip on a freighter. For this one, I'd give \$10 each to the room steward and the table steward—or ask the captain what he tips HIS stewards. Use that for a guide. No formals on freighters. And on two I've been on, I never saw a cocktail dress either.

"You mentioned a couple who are living on \$40 a week for room and meals in a small hotel in Portugal. Could you give us their names so we could correspond?"

I don't have enough filing system to keep back letters. (And so many people asked for this, the American couple in Portugal couldn't answer the letters.) The Portuguese tourist office is Casa de Portugal, 447 Madison Ave., New York City. They haven't got a cost of living program worked out. But they can send you a list of hotels and pensaos (small hotels with meals) and the rates.

There are many hotels near Lisbon where room and meals are within this price range. The couple who wrote me are living in Estoril, a seaside town 30 minutes from Lisbon. One of the most fashionable places in Europe.

For other gift catalogues: Brown-Thomas, Grafton St., Dublin for Irish linens and laces, etc. Simpson's in Piccadilly, London for men's and women's clothing and accessories.

There are several places in New York City that specialize in foreign gifts—two that send catalogues: Museum Shop at the Museum of National History, 79th Street and Central Park West. Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway and Washington Avenue. But I don't know about prices.

If you planning gifts for Christmas, sea mail takes a

month—maybe more at Christmas time. And the receiver will be presented with the Customs bill for duty.

"Should we rent a car and drive in Japan or take trains?"

Take trains. The roads are very poor. They're improving gradually, but the trains are excellent.

"We would like to visit old churches in Mexico. Can we get a list?"

I don't know of a list. But most churches date back to the Conquest. Cortez built the Cathedral in Cuernavaca. There are several antique churches along Avenida Hidalgo in Mexico City, in honor of battles of the Conquest. Cholula near Puebla has 365 churches—all built on remains of Aztec temples. This was their holy city.

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tral Intelligence Agency, and subsequently, the Federal Bureau of Investigation to go to work on the situation.

We do not know what advice these two agencies gave the President, but it is logical to assume they confirmed advice already in his hands, because the buildup of troop strength continued throughout their investigations.

Washington thus had three independent sources of information, and we can only hope the Ambassador's men, the CIA, and the FBI were not investigating one another, as well as the situation.

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The FBI is another matter altogether. This bureau comprises one of the most effective internal police forces ever conceived. Yet it is a force conforming to our political system, and despite irresponsible accusations, it is not a secret police in the pernicious European style.

But this does not mean the FBI is qualified to investigate a social rebellion on foreign soil. It is not trained for such work. It is trained to protect the national security at home, and so deals with espionage. But its agents have no training in foreign insurrections, and it is doubtful if the people want them to have it.

While Senator Fulbright is about it, he might one day expound his undoubted knowledge of the CIA and FBI in the Dominican crisis.

Rockwell D. Hunt, 97-year-old California historian and author, has a new book, "Boyhood Days of Mr. California," distributed by Caxton of Idaho. The author writes that the name "Mr. California" was used at the request of his publisher. For that's what he was proclaimed by former Governor Goodwin Knight during a testimonial to the eminent native son in 1954.

Niven Busch's novel, "The Gentleman From California," (Simon & Schuster), observes a nightmarish presidential election of the future. Mark Schorer endorses it: "Of all the recent novels dealing with national politics which I have read, this is far and away the best..."

What is the secret of this success? Verve, quality, bright, inventive design are all part of it. Then, Mrs. Callahan suspects, the basic idea of good thoughts. People want and need good thoughts today. There is so much sick stuff in our society, our way of living; so many tensions and frustrations, that the Happiness idea has more of an appeal now than ever before.

Fresh from a sales trip to Alaska, where she unloaded some 300 sweatshirts to the largest bookstore in Anchorage, Mrs. Callahan was determined to unveil her seasonal line to me, and did. Hottest item, beyond the sweatshirts, probably is "Lucy's Lemonade Stand," a cookbook for kids. Nothing complicated. Hot dogs, and such. It is in the bright "Happiness" format (\$2).

Our Dennis buying U.S. Savings Stamps at school? Have you taken his temperature?



OUR DENNIS BUYING U.S. SAVINGS STAMPS AT SCHOOL? HAVE YOU TAKEN HIS TEMPERATURE?

Quote

Man is the only animal that laughs and weeps, for he is the only animal that is struck with the difference between what things are and what they ought to be.—William Hazlett (1778-1830).

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Star Puffs Peace Pipe; Is Hooked on the Stuff

CAENEFTI: Screen-star Lee Remick, off cigarettes for a month and suffering, came here to plug her new cowboys 'n' Indians movie and was induced by Press Agent Murry Lafayette to puff an Indian peace pipe for a newspaper photo. Yesterday he got a wire: "You rat, that did it. Hooked again!" . . . My spies in Tel Aviv report great progress in nuclear testing. After two years, the Israeli soft-smasher succeeded in softening a bagel . . . one reader was interested to read that Grace Cat'edral has a pet cat named Cathedism—and wonders "How does it get along with Bishop Pike's dogma?" . . . Mildly unpleasant suggestion from Don Nivens: "Be the first in your neighborhood to help stamp out illiteracy. Move!" Why is the late, great Lon Chaney's picture on the wall of the Boon Doox at Walnut Grove on the Sacramento River? I thought you'd never ask: because the place is owned by his brother, George Chaney . . . If you've heard that the Beatles' new movie "Help!" is funny, fast, charming and kicky, you heard right; and their director, Richard Lester, richly deserves the Oscar he'll never get.

We're in the season here that might be described in a book titled "The Tourist and the Single Sign." You see these poor out-of-town

souls at almost every downtown intersection, stopping their cars in the middle of the street while they swivel their heads in desperate search for the lone street sign—sometimes on that corner, sometimes on that street, sometimes not there at all. Do you suppose some day we could afford TWO signs at each corner? . . . As a confirmed reader of the obituaries—more and more of my acquaintances are beginning to get the Plug Nobody Wants—I'm continually astounded at the unknown millionaires in this city. I mean, somebody you never heard of, who led a long, quiet and renumerate life, involved in one of the lesser-known businesses, suddenly dies at a ripe old age—and leaves an estate of \$8,927,365. Where WERE they all these years? In this age of Total Publicity, they manage to achieve the Victorian pinnacle of respectability, getting their names into the paper only twice: at birth and at death.

APROPPOS QUELQUE-CHOSE: Friday noon, these two men, deep into their third martinis, were having a hot argument about the new war we're engaged in. One was a gunho war hawk, the other seemed doubtful. At last the first said angrily: "Okay, what do YOU think LBJ should do?" Second: "Go to Viet

Nam and entertain the troops."

CAEN SCRUTINY: Ruth St. Denis, the 86-year-old dancer, throwing a bear-hug around Charlie Bristol, Hotel St. Francis' rolypoly doorman; they first met in 1922, when he was a skinny page in N'York's old Waldorf-Astoria. Miss St. Denis: "I'm so delighted you remember me, now that you're fat!" Seen in the St. Francis Grill: Dr. Harry Benjamin, the 80-year-old physician, auditor of "Prostitution and Morality," and Christine Jorgensen's doctor. Report on Christine: She's now acting in summer stock. Completely accepted as a woman, fortunately. If she had remained a man, he'd have killed himself years ago. Pronouns subject to change without notice.

ATTN, LUCIUS BEEBE: Desmond Leigh-Hunt sounds like the kind of man who'd be mad for Rolls-Royces (Rolls-Rice?) but actually he isn't impressed. His favorite story is about the Australian sheep farmer who buys one—and is asked by the salesman if there's any feature of the car he particularly likes. "The electrical operated glass partition between the driver and the back seat," he replies. And why? "Because when I'm taking my sheep to market, it prevents them from licking the back of my neck."

ROYCE BRIER

Much Untold Background Marks Dominican Crisis

Senator Fulbright's blast at the Administration in the Dominican affair last April hurt a lot of government feelings, yet it was a gentlemanly attack, and with manifest intent omitted some pertinent criticism.

The Senator is chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, which has been investigating the intervention.

He said President Johnson was given some unsound advice in the crisis, and that this advice resulted in "exaggerating" the Communist danger, which the President said at the time he was determined to meet.

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ive landing of Marines in Santa Domingo, and a tension and disorder that lasted well into the summer. Actually "another Cuba," which the President said he feared, never occurred, but the tenor of Fulbright's statement suggests that was not due to the presence of American troops.

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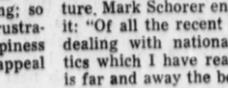
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My Neighbors



"Quittin' time!"